Bloomfield Record

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING LITERATURE.

STEPHEN M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1873.

THE BLOOMFIELD RECORD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY. TAMES HUGHES,

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BLOOMFIELD TIME TABLE, FEB. 1, 1873. LEAVE BLOOMFIELD, LEAVE NEWARK, M'ET BELLEVILLE AV.: & BROAD STS.: 6 30 A. M. 2 30 P. M. 7 54 A. M. 3 54 P. SHIH! 9 54 11 24 7 24 7 54 12 24 P. M. 8 54 12 30 P. M. The last car from Depot at Mt. Prospect Ave. to

Newark leaves at 10 30 P. M.

NEW YORK MIDLAND RAILWAY. L. C. O. MONTCLAIR DIVISION. PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING RAST,
Leave Montclair—Walnut street, 6:30; 7:30; 8:07;
9:00 a. M., 3:05; 7:35 p. M.
Leave Bloomfield—6:37; 7:36; 8:14; 9:05 a. M., 3:12; PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING WEST.

LEAVE New York—7:40; 9:10 a. M., 3:30; 4:30; 5:30

6:20 r. M.
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TIME OF ARRIVAL. Thirty years a practical Watch and Clock Maker, exe-

TIRED MOTHERS.

You do not prize this blessing overmuch, Yet almost are too tired to pray to night

At little children clinging at their gown; Or that the footprint, when the days are wet, Are ever black enough to make them frown if I could find a little muddy boot,

She was more blissfully content than I. But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own Is bever rumpled by a shining head;

The little boy I used to kiss is dead! FACTS AND FANCIES.

A Word to the Wise-Keep so. Epitaph for a photographer-Taken fi

To keep the Indians quiet requires of siderable Ingin-annuity. Female clerks impair the romance of shop

Red-hot nails fall on the heads of visitors to a haunted house in Georgia. A young lady "took a horn" the oth

day in church and nobody was shocked. His first name was William. A hatter advertises that "'Watt's an the Mind' is of great importance, but what's on the head is of greater."

A female student of medicine wants \$20 "to buy a man to cut up." Most women can cut up a man cheaper than that. An invalid in Indiana, for whom leeches were prescribed, took them internally and wants them cooked next time.

There is nothing singular in the fact that a boy makes a wry face when he takes his first "nip" of old Bourbon. It is said that the newspapers are the

backs up." Down-easters claim that it was necessary o splice the telegraph poles in some places in Maine to keep the wires above the snow-

A Minnesota youth hit his horse with gun to make him go. The horse went. the gun went, and three fingers went

An old edition of Morse's Geography says "Albany has 400 dwelling houses, and 2, 400 inhabitants, all standing with their

gable-ends to the streets." Miss Faithful is pained to see that many American girls professing to be highly edu cated are merely "dipped into a weak solution of accomplishments."

"The manufacture of wine from grapes is coming into favor in Virginia." used to make it out of crab-apples and copperas, but the cemeteries got to filling up

The Utica Herald says: A cow on Corn Hill kicked the pump over yesterday and broke her leg. The cow must die, but the milkman hopes to be able to continue in business. He thinks he can fix the pump.

A retired actress has been teaching elocu-tion to the children in Carson City, and the alacrity.

A Midnight Peril.

The night of the 17th of October-shall I ever forget its pitch darkness, the roar of the autumnal wind through the forest, and

the incessant down pour of the rain? "This comes of short cuts," I muttered petulantly to myself, as I plodded along keeping close to the trunks of the trees. I could hear the roar of the turbulent stream forty or fifty feet below. My blood ran cold as I thought of the possible conse quences of a mistep or move in the wrong direction. Why had I not been content to

keep in the right road? Hold on! Was that a light, or are my eyes playing me false?

I stopped, holding on to the low resinou boughs of a hemlock that grew on the edge of the bank; for it actually seemed as if the wind would seize me bodily and hurl me down the precipitous descent.

It was a light—thank Providence—it was light, and no ignis fatuous to lure me on to destruction and death.

"Halloo-o-o!" led vines, dense briers and rocky banks, barricading the lockless door with two en alligator, said to him : until gradually nearing I could perceive a chairs. I extinguished the light and lay figure wrapped in an oil-cloth cape, or down.

"What's wanting?" he snarled forth, with a peculiar motion of his lips that seemed to leave his yellow teeth all bare. "I am lost in the woods; can't you di-

"Twelve miles ?" "I stood aghast. 'Can you tell me of any shelter I could obtain for the night?"

Where are you going?" "To Drew's, down here by the maple

Would they take me for the night? ould pay them well." His eyes gleamed; the yellow stump

"Is it a tavern ?"

neans of a great many ladies "getting their stood relieved once more. guess so; folks do stop there some "In it far from here?"

"Not very ; about a half a mile. "Then let us make haste and reach it. am drenched to the skin." We plodded on, my companion more

than keeping pace with me. Presently we refer the overseer of the poor in a Vermont left the edge of the ravine, entering what town set down in his annual report a charge seemed like a trackless woods, and keeping of \$3 for "taking paupers to the menag- straight on until lights gleamed fitfully

smooth, voluble words of welcome. She regretted the poverty of their accommodations; but I was welcome to such as

"Where is Isanc?" demanded my guide.

in a low tone, and a third person sat at the

table, eating-a short, stout, villainous looking man, in red flannel shirt and very muddy pantaloons, I asked for writing materials, and return-

ed to my room to write to my wife. "My darling Alice." I paused, I laid down my pen as I conl paused, I laid down my pen as I con-eluded the words, half smiling to think her. Perceiving that, at the slightest movewhat she would say, could she know of my ment of hers, the mouse would recollect an engagement, she put on a look of exereme

strange quarters. Not until both sheets were covered did I "Oh! it is you, is it? Do you know, lay aside my pen and prepare for slumber. thought, at first, you were a fri As I folded my paper, I happened to

glance towards my couch. Was it the gleam of a human eye ob- friend to the dear little mice? observing me through the board petition, or was it my own fancy. There was a crack that you love us ind there, but only blackness beyond. Yet I slept. But as you will wish to go and could have sworn that something had spark- your breakfast, I won't bore you.

led blanefully at me. I took out my watch, it was only one o'clock. It was scarcely worth while for out having any reason to be. It wasn't safe me to undress for three hours' sleep; I in this instance, however; for the cat went would lay down in my clothes and snatch after the departing rodent, and got away what slumber I could. So, placing my clarion. I plunged onward through tang- valise close to the head of my bed, and

cloak, carrying a lantern. As the dim light fell upon his face, I almost recoiled. Would not solitude in the woods be preferable to the companionship of this withered, wrink-

my veins, and I sat up, excited and trembling.

'You remind me," said the hippopotamus, "of a certain zebra, who was not ivcious at all; he merely kicked the breath out of everything that passed behind him, but did not seek to induce things to pass behind led old man? But it was too late to recede my veins, and I sat up, excited and trembor stars was ever so penetrating and by the him." little window I saw Alice, my wife, dressed in floating garments of white, with her long in floating garments of white, with her long golden hair knotted back with a blue ribbon. Apparently she was beckoning to me

with outstretched hands and eyes full of wild, anxious tenderness.

I sprang to my feet and rushed toward her, but as I reached the window the fair apparation seemed to vanish in the stormy.

A sheep, making a long journey, found the heat of his fleece very uncomfortable, and, seeing a flock of other sheep in a fold, evidently awaiting for some one, leaped over and joined them, in the hope of being shorn. apparation seemed to vanish in the stormy darkness, and I was left alone. In the self same instant the sharp report of a pistol sounded—I could see the jagged stream of fire above the pillow, straight toward the very spot where ten seconds since my head

danger, I swung myself over the edge of the window, jumped down eight or ten feet into tangled bushes below, and, as I crouched there recovering my breath, I heard the tramp of foot-steps in my rooom

"Is he dead?" cried a voice up the ladder—the smooth, deceitful voice of the wo-

"Of course he is," growled the voice back,
"that charge would have killed ten men.
A light there, quick, and tell Tom to be

A cold agonized shudder ran over me. What den of midnight murderers had I fallen into? And how fearfully narrow had

straight on until lights gleamed fitfully through the wet foliage.

It was a ruinous old place, with the window-fall drawn to one side, as if the foundation had settled, and the pillars of the rude porch nearly rotted away.

A woman answered my fellow traveler's knock. My companion whispered a word or two to her, and she turned to me with smooth, voluble words of welcome.

In the week foliage.

With the speed that only mortal terror and deadly peril can give, I rushed through the woods, now illuminated by a faint glimmer of starlight. I knew not what impulse guided my footsteps—I shall never know how many times I crossed my own track, or how many times I stood at the brink of the deadly ravine, but a merciful Providence compassed me with a guiding and protecting care, for when the morning dawned, with faint bars of orient light, against the cage, he saw in a minute what had happencompassed me with a guiding and protecting care, for when the morning dawned, with faint bars of orient light against the eastern sky, I was close to the high road eastern sky, I was close to the high road

On arriving at the town I told my story to the police, and a detachment was sent

Three Funny Fables. A. G. Bierce, formerly editor of the Sar Francisco News Letter, and since contribu-tor to London Fun, is the author of the annexed, which he calls "Translations from

the Persian of Zambri, the Parsee": A cat, waking out of a sound sleep saw

avoid care who pretends to be a friend, with-

A hippopotamus, meeting an open-mouth-

"My forked friend, you may as well col-lapse. You are not sufficiently comprehensive to embrace me, I am myself no tyro

lucky I came along, to set them an example of docility. Seeing me operated upon, they'll be glad to offer themselves." "Perhaps so," replied the shepherd, lay-ing hold of the animal's horus; "but I

other man's mutton are always nice eating.

Swallowing a Boa-Constrictor.

Mr. Frank Buckland describes in Lasti and Water the swallowing by a python of a bos-constrictor:—"A few days since a rabswallowed down, whole, one of his com-rades. Holland was only just in time, as the smaller snake had almost disappeared down the throat of the larger snake, there being three or four inches of his tail hang-"He has not come in yet."

After much searching and false alarms, ing out of one side of the mouth of this yet down on a wooden bench beside the we succeeded in finding the ruinous old voracious snake-cannibal. Jumping imme-I sat down on a wooden bench beside the fire, and ate a few mouthfuls of bread.

"I should like to retire as soon as possible," said I, for my weariness was excessive.

"It's Drew's gang," said the leader of the police; "and they have troubled us these two years. I don't think, though, that alacrity.

"It's Drew's gang," said the leader of the police; "and they have troubled us these two years. I don't think, though, that should come out first, I cannot understand; the make OBANTONIA PARTIES.

A standed closes has been backen only, and the short of the sho



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